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Honorable John G. Koeltl
United States District Judge
United States Courthouse
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030
New York, New York 10007

Dear Honorable John Koeltl,

My name is Vera Masso, I am 81 years old. William Masso is my son. I have suffered from heart disease and diabetes for many years. I am the mother of four children. Each is very dear to me. I love all of them. William holds a special place in my heart. I have seen my son grow from a jovial, sweet, and kind child to a wonderful man. A man who is a devoted and loving husband, as well as father. He is also a wonderful son to me. There hasn't been a day that goes by that William doesn't take the time to come by for a visit or call just to see how everything is going. He has always been there for me, whether to go buy a container of milk or do a major repair in my home. I have always depended on William for many things. My son has helped me especially when I was sick. He has taken care of me as well as taking me for many doctors' appointments. He never questions why, he just does it.

William is also a great brother; he has a special relationship with his two brothers and sister. He has always been a part of what they are going through in their own lives. He has been a valuable part of my daughter's and her children's lives. He has helped them when my daughter lost her husband four years ago. He has watched her children (his nephews and niece) grow into young adults. He has kept a watchful eye on them to make sure they were on the right path.

I have seen William with his own children. He wears his heart on his sleeve. His love for his children shows from how he acts with them to what he does with them. My grandchildren love their father very much. Even through this difficult period in their lives they continue to be bright, motivated and sincere. Their father has always inspired them to be the best they could be and is proud of each and every one of them.

Everyone around us, whether it is family, friends, or neighbors, depend on William. He is always willing to lend a helping hand. As I am approaching an age, where things are becoming more difficult, so are many of my friends. William has done many special things for them. Just some of the things that he has done for them are bringing them food and going to the pharmacy and picking up important prescriptions.

My son's character always stayed true. He did these kind acts also being a police officer. He has on many occasions fed homeless people and rescued strayed animals. He's a compassionate man who can't bear to see anything or anyone suffer.

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I am very proud of my son and love him. I do n't know what I'd do without him. He has always brought a light into my family's life. We are grateful for him. William has made a difference in so many people's lives. What saddens me the most is the beautiful smile on my son's face that has now diminished. I long to see that smile again, for this is truly who my son is.

Sincerely,

Vera Masso



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Honorable John G. Koeltl
United States District Judge
United States Courthouse
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030
New York, New York 10007

Dear Honorable John Koeltl,

I am the father of William Masso. My name is Ciro Masso. I am an 81 year old disabled Veteran. Just recently I was diagnosed with a mass in my brain. Having to go through surgery, my health has not been the same since. My son has been an intricate part of my life. He has been there for me to take me back and forth to doctors' appointments or just coming over to visit me. William is a great son. Since he was a little boy he has been a caring, happy boy. I am proud of the man he is today. He is a wonderful father and husband to his wife and children. His children are a product of all William's beliefs. He wants his children to respect, appreciate, and love. This is what my son has done through his own life. My son has made me proud of how he treats other people. He treats everyone with the upmost respect. This comes through whether he is a husband, father, son, brother, friend, or police officer. He has always made sure everyone was cared for. His concern for my wife and I is always on a daily basis. Every day my son makes sure we are OK and if there is anything we need. We are very grateful for his wonderful, caring nature.

My son William always finds a way to help a family member, friend, or even a stranger. He is willing to help anyone. Since William was young he has always tagged along with me, eager to help me with my extra job. I worked for a youth organization which helped young people stay off the streets. William helped the children by participating in sports activities, and just being a friend to the children.

William has put aside his own difficulties to make sure others are well. Throughout his life, I have never seen my son not feel for another being. He has put others before himself. He is a man who takes pride in all he does. William doesn't expect anything in return. Never has he expected me as a dad to give him more than what I could. He was satisfied with what I was able to give.

Since William was a young man, I have depended on him. This has not changed. I still depend on him today. I depend on him because I know he'll always be there. I see my son and know how broken he is. This pains me as a dad to see this. My son is remorseful for what has happened. I know this through many conversations we have had. As a parent, no matter how old your children are, you wish you could take their pain away. I know I can't do this; all I could do is love and support him.

Sincerely,

Ciro Masso

Francesca Milea

5/30/12

Brooklyn NY, 11234

Honorable John G. Koeltl
United States District Judge
United States Court House
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl St. Room 1030
New York, NY 10007

Dear Honorable John G. Koeltl,

My name is Francesca Milea. I am William Masso's niece and I'm eighteen years old. I recently graduated make up school in Manhattan and now I am looking for a job in retail. For now I work in a gym near my house and I am a freelance make-up artist.

Your honor, I understand my uncle has made a mistake, everyone makes mistakes. You live and you learn, and that's life. I believe that everyone in their life deserves a second chance, a chance to be better. Just the thought of my uncle being taken away from me and my family makes me cringe.

Four years ago I lost someone so special and important to me. My father passed away from cancer in 2008. This was the worst thing that could have possibly happened to me. I lost my best friend, my life, my daddy. I was his angel, his little girl. Nothing has been the same without him. Of course nobody would ever be able to take his place, but ever since he passed my uncle Billy has been doing a really good job being a father figure for me and my brothers. I remember like it was yesterday, the day my dad passed, my uncle holding me in his arms telling me "It's going to be okay, I'm here now, I'm going to take care of you and I'm not going anywhere." His kind words made me feel safe and warm.

My uncle has always been there for me through thick and thin, calling me his baby, his munchkin, his sweetheart. My uncle means so much to me your honor. I need for him to be present for every single one of the special moments that occur in my life. So many thoughts race through my head being that I lost my father like, who is going to be there when times get rough? Who's going to walk me down the aisle at my wedding? Who's going to be there to hold and comfort me? And who's going to be there when I achieve something so extraordinary, and I need someone to be happy for me? I turn to my uncle for all of these situations and more. He is such a loving and caring person and its heartbreaking watching everyone point out his flaws and mistakes. Everyone should take the time and consideration, and learn that my uncle is such a loving and caring person who has not one bad bone in his body. He had absolutely no intention of hurting anyone. That wasn't even a thought in his mind. All my uncle wanted was to better his family and make everyone else around him feel comfortable and happy.

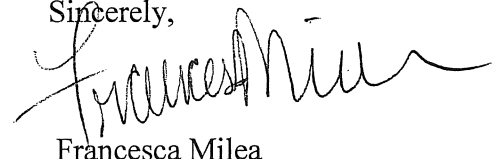
He has such a wonderful family, a beautiful wife and three amazing kids. His family is his world, his life, and they need him more than anything. It is extremely hard, and heart breaking watching my aunt and my cousins go through so much pain, watching their father/husband slowly slip away. They don't deserve this, none of us do. My cousins Talia, Sophia and Nicholas, both girls are beautiful young ladies and so intelligent. Nicholas is such a handsome young man and also incredibly brilliant. It's going to be tough for Nicholas now, being the only man in the family. He is going to have to work extra hard, and be there whenever he can for his sisters and mother. I would absolutely hate to see them go through what I went through when I lost my father. No child should ever have to go through this.

Without my uncle, all things will start going downhill. Nothing will be the same anymore. Where are they going to live? How will they have enough money to pay for college, birthdays, holidays etc. They are going to need as much help as they can get, and we all intend on being there for them, always no matter what.

When I'm home I would take a glance at my mother. She's sitting there, tears falling uncontrollably down her cheek. I know exactly what she's thinking. My poor mom, she has always been the backbone of the family. She has gone through so much, yet she is the strongest woman I have even known. She is torn, never in my life have I seen her this heartbroken. I ask her "what's wrong?" when she's feeling down, and she replies "I just want to help my brother, and it kills me that there is nothing I can do to make it all better." Seeing my mother go through so much pain brings tears to my eyes. This is tearing us all apart.

You have no idea how much this is affecting us all. I pray every night for a miracle. Your Honor my uncle is my rock, I can't go on with life without him, so please don't keep him for long. We need him, I need him. I've already lost my daddy, please don't distance me from the closest thing to it.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Francesca Milea', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Francesca Milea

Thomas Milea
Brooklyn NY 11234

Honorable John G. Koeltl
United States District Judge
United States Courthouse
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030
New York, New York 10007

Honorable Judge G. Koeltl,

My name is Thomas Milea and I'm William Masso's nephew. Since as far back as I can remember my uncle has always been there for me. I remember days when I used to wait up for him in my cribe. He used to surprise me with toys, movies, and many other things that a good uncle was known to do. I also remember a day that I almost drowned in our neighbor's pool. It was William who jumped in with all of his clothes and wallet to save me.

William is more than an uncle he's like a second father to me. Throughout the many years that I lived with him, my grandparents, two other uncles, and my mother (all under the same roof) there was never a time that he would not help someone. He always reached out to neighbors, friends, and family asking if they needed help. Since he was great at many things people would also come to rely on him. My grandparents (Ciro and Vera) have come to rely on him heavily these last few years. With both of them having health issues William always makes sure he's around to help them. I truly believe that if he's not around, it would destroy their lives.

From people that meet William on the street (while he was on the job as a police officer) to people that have known him their whole lives, not one of these people have had or could say anything bad about him. During our many times out driving around Bay Ridge people would always come out to greet him with a smile. My uncle has a profound love for the art of conversation. He could talk to people for hours and always make them feel comfortable.

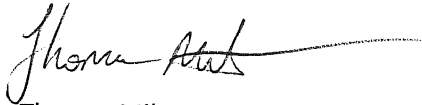
William also has such an affinity for life that he's always saving all forms of life. From spiders found in the house, puppies that have no home, and plants, he really loves all life. He brought me many puppies and kittens since I was a child all the way up to now (and I'm almost 30). Our whole family could never watch something innocent suffer.

My uncle also has brought up an amazing family. His daughters T and S, and his son N. All three of them have been so well raised that their amazing students and also very well mannered. They understand that family comes first before everything else. Which I feel is something that is lacking in our culture. His children also go everywhere with him, especially his daughter Sophia. Every time he goes out she wants to be right there with him. I don't know what would happen to her if he was not around.

I'm certain that many of the letters you read from case to case have similar themes to what I've written here, but the overwhelming quantity and similar stories that have been sent to you for my uncle must give you a better understanding of the man. Should he have to go through years of pain and agony, while also watching his family suffer, for one mistake in a long life of good deeds? I think not. But then again the power of justice is in your hands, and I ask respectfully that you wield it wisely.

I appreciate your time and patience.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Thomas Milea', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Thomas Milea

Michael Ciro Milea

6/05/12

7 Bassett ave

Honorable John G. Koeltl

Brooklyn, Ny, 11234

United States District Judge

United States Court House

Southern District of New York

500 Pearl St. Room 1030

New York, N.Y 10007

Dear Judge Koeltl,

My name is Michael Milea I am William Masso's newpew. I am twenty years old, a full time student at St.Francis College and currently working for NBC. February 2008 my father died from stomach and liver cancer. I was sixteen years old and was in denial the entire time of how sick my father truly was. The night before he died I walked past his bedroom to see him lying in bed with the lights dim. It was exactly how I would've seen him before he got sick, except this time I weighed more than him, and he was breathing heavily hooked up to this big green device that kept pumping. Most apparently so, this device was keeping him alive. But I was still unsure of how severely sick he was, even with him being hooked up to a device and plenty of people visiting downstairs. I had no idea this was going to be the last night with Dad.

I entered the room and the sound of the large green pumping device made it impossible to hear me walking in. But regardless, my father did not look like he would have noticed me anyway. I climbed into bed with him and wrapped my arms around him, and still he did not blink. I stared into his face waiting for him to open his eyes, figuring it impossible for him to not notice me. Not even a blink, so I just decided to lay next to him for a little while, which became an hour. After an hour of listening to the pumping device and having my arm wrapped around my dying fathers withering body, I got up from the bed, kissed him on the forehead and left the room. That was the last night with Dad, but fortunately, or unfortunately, there was still a next morning.

The next morning I woke up early in my room with my brother in the other bed and my best friend (who I also consider my brother) sleeping on the floor. I opened my door and looked inside my parents room to see my mother, her friends, and my father's friends helping my father get out of bed. I approached my father who was struggling to get up, and seemed in plenty of pain. As I stood in front of him to begin helping him up he gave a quick glance at me and smiled. That was the last smile from Dad.

I helped him up for his morning walk around the top floor of the house so that he can pass gas, just so his body didn't flood with excretion and kill him quicker. I walked him out of his room and into the hallway, down the hallway and into the living room where I saw it was snowing outside. I sat him down on the couch in the living room along with the help of my mother, two of her friends, and one of my fathers. After a minute of two of sitting, Dad decided it was time for a second lap around the house. So I went to help him up with the assistance of my father's friend, and as soon as he stood up he collapsed in my arms and began to moan in pain, and his breathing started getting faster and faster. I looked into his

pale face as he was crying pain and as I was holding him up by the arm I thought to myself "Can this really be it?" My father's friend insisted we brought him to his bed, so we did just that. I remember the sounds of my mother and her two friends screaming and crying, all the words that they were shouting and crying out are just a blur now. I remember trying to keep my father's attention by shouting "Dad!" alongside his best friend who was shouting "Carl!"

Finally we placed him on the bed and my mother tried positioning him comfortably, but that didn't stop the pain, the excessive heavy breathing, the cries or the screams. As comfortable as we could've made him, it wouldn't have stopped the fact that my father was dying right there in front of my eyes. I was forced out of the room and downstairs along with my brothers and my sister, where we waited for my mother's friends to come downstairs with faces full of tears telling us "He's gone, he's gone." My brothers and my sister broke out into tears, hysterical crying. I sat there with a blank stare on my face looking into nothingness, not a tear shed from either eye. I was in complete and ultimate shock and could not believe what was going on. I thought of a year prior to the first moment Dad first told me he had cancer, and I hugged him and told him that he'll be alright and everything was going to be fine. I had not a clue what to do, so I just did what I thought was best and began comforting everyone around me, telling them the same exact thing I told my father a year prior.

We were all brought up for our final moments with Dad and one by one we gave our last good byes. I remember picking up his limp hand and staring at his face with his mouth open and his head back and giving him one last kiss. I looked out the window to my right still holding my father's hand and sitting beside him. The beauty of the snowfall outside was so remarkable it made me feel unconscious. On my right was the beauty of nature, and on my left along with me, was nature's ultimate ending. I thought of the dreams I used to have when I was younger that would wake me up screaming and crying. They were dreams of mom and dad on their death beds, and in the dream they had just died and I would begin to cry and pray to God to take me before they took one of my parents.

Family and friends began to arrive at the house, but no one brought me the comfort I was seeking like my uncle Bill did. His presence alone made me feel at ease, even though he was crying hysterically, and I still hadn't shed a tear. I went to join him outside as he smoked a cigarette and he wanted to know how I "truly" felt. I told him that I was in complete shock, and that I had no idea what I was doing, and that I felt I did not want to cry because I had to be strong for my family and try and help out anyway I could. I'll never forget his response. He told me that it would be abnormal if I didn't cry, and that crying does not make you less of a man. But most importantly that he will always be there for me, just like he promised my father he would, and that WE will always be there for each other.

I never recounted these feelings that I have stored away in my mind forever until just now, and it has not been easy. The last few hours of my father's life was the toughest, most emotional experience I have ever had in my twenty and a half years of living. I am bringing them to light now your Honor, considering the current situation of my uncle William Masso. My uncle is one of the nicest men I know, and the most father like figure that I have. I feel it must be difficult to believe such compliments coming from the nephew of the man, but I am not writing this letter to shower my uncle Bill with compliments. I am sure you have read already, or will be reading plenty of letters that will cover that. I could only assure you that all of the compliments about my uncle are true, and that my uncle truly is a great man, just a

great man who has made a mistake. A mistake that we already have forgiven him for making as a family, because we know the true William Masso and because we love him so much.

I beg you your Honor, to please be lenient with my uncles sentencing, because I feel that I have already been through the worst and toughest time in February 2008, just four years ago. And I know that when my uncle goes away, what I thought to be the toughest time of my life will certainly be surpassed by this time. Between my father's best friend dying, my aunt's mother who recently became sick (probably due to all of what is going on now), and my grandmother who is an emotional diabetic with heart problems, and my grandfather who just came out of brain surgery and hasn't been feeling the same, I can't imagine it getting any worse. I'm not surprised by bad news anymore, because after losing my father I found that anything is possible. My father told me the day he announced he was sick that there is no difference between him and any other guy. Basically stating there is no reason why something that has happened to someone else, can't happen to him, and I have been living by those words ever since. I understand what my uncle did was wrong and that some punishment must be dealt, but I pray for it to be the most lenient punishment possible because being around my uncle these past few months, I know that he regrets what he has done and will never do anything to jeopardize himself or his family ever again.

Through experience I have learned that it is at your lowest point that you realize what it is you are doing, or have been doing wrong, and what it is that you have to do to make it all right. It is a turning point in life, and was in my life more than once, where you come to some form of agreement with yourself and know you have to change. I felt it after my father died, I feel it again now getting closer as my uncles court date arrives, and my uncle has felt it after realizing the turmoil that he has put this family in. I know my uncle has realized the mistake that he has made and he wants to start making up for it right away, and in my eyes he already is. It just saddens me that although he is ready to start making up for it now, that he might have to go away and wait to begin some other time in the future.

Honestly your honor what I fear the most is losing my last and only father figure. There is absolutely no replacement for him, and with him gone I am going to feel an enormous amount of pressure to take care of my family, a lot like I did when I lost my father. I knew I had to grow up and become more of a man when my father passed, and now I'm being asked to grow up once again, and I feel ready to do so because I have also learned that life throws you curve balls, and you have to be ready and pursue every one. Most of all I fear for my cousins not growing up with a father like me, my brothers and my sister were forced to do, and are still doing. As much of a father figure I can try and be, there is only so much a twenty year old can do to replace a father. Please your honor let my uncle off easy on his first offense. One day with the man and I promise you will see the good heart that is bursting out of his chest. I need him and my family needs him. The way I see it is this family will be left in shambles without him. Surviving on the only thing that has kept up right and together for this long and that is the love we have for one another.

Thank you for taking the time to read my letter.